

been crushed by the mass of ice on which they had just been laboring. As the ice separated from her she righted and drifted along. A temporary rudder was fitted up, her stern posts having been carried away from the six-foot mark, as well as the dead wood broken off, her stern frame so shaken that her run had to be secured by 2 and 3 inch ropes, and screw-bolts; and, when fairly got to sea, a stream chain was passed round her, three feet before the mizen-mast, and another about the mizen-mast. In the early part of the passage home across the Atlantic, they fortunately experienced mild weather; but subsequently it became rather unfavorable and the ship began to leak very fast. At one period, when it became necessary to take the men from the pumps for about twenty minutes, during which they were occupied in shortening sail, the carpenter reported 6 to 7 feet water in the hold. In an instant there was a rush to the pumps, and all hands were busily engaged at them until they arrived at their destination. At first they directed their course to the Orkneys, but the wind proving adverse, they bore up for Long Swilly, where they arrived on Sunday night, after hardships and dangers almost unparalleled. They had but twice seen the natives, once on the entrance to the Frozen Straits, and once at their departure. On both occasions they trafficked with them, and to profitable account, it would seem—and old piece of iron producing skin in abundance; and those who had not this commodity to offer, were willing to barter their children for an article of less value, if possible. When first immured up in the ice they got up some plays and masquerades; but the cold and dangers which momentarily threatened them with destruction put all idea of amusement out of the question; and as the ship was hourly exposed to the shocks that left her continued safety a matter of the utmost surprise, the provisions were kept on deck, and the boats lowered ready for emergency. On entering the harbor of Long Swilly, the exhausted crew could scarce remain one moment longer at the pumps, their unremitting labor at which had secured their safety. The coast-guard on being apprised of their distressed condition, immediately boarded the vessel, and afforded most timely relief to the worn out mariners; and her Majesty's cutter Wickham, entered soon after, sent twenty of her men for the same purpose. They endeavored to beach her, but unable to affect their purpose were obliged to leave her, having her main deck housing thrummed under bottom. Several of the sick were sent immediately on shore, where they are being treated with the utmost humanity and attention by the hospitable and generous islanders.

**From the Free Trader.  
HIGH COURT OF ERRORS  
AND APPEALS.**

The following is an extract from a letter of a valued correspondent at Jackson, and gives the true account of the present state of the contest between Messrs Pray and Smith, the candidates for the office of Judge in the High Court of Errors and Appeals:—

"There appears to be some difficulty about the election of Pray and Smith, Pray has a majority of about six hundred in the district, but the general re-

turning officer for the district made a return shewing that Smith had a majority, and Smith applied for his commission, and was refused. He has since taken out a writ of mandamus against the Governor. How the matter will terminate will be left to the decision of the Court.

The Governor has determined to commission Pray as soon as the returns are received from Wayne.

Yours, &c.

**MR. CLAY.**

There is music in that name, and there are hallowed associations connected with that name ready to find their way to every heart. "Tu Marcellus Eris!" thou shalt be our marcellus!

The writer of this happened to witness the conclusion of a late celebration in Vicksburg, in honor of the late whig victories, and heard the toasts delivered by the chair. Among them, none produced a higher effect than the following:

"HENRY CLAY—The country owes him a heavy debt—give us time, and we will pay it."

The rapture on that occasion evinced a disposition to pay that debt of gratitude not in the inflated professions or irredeemable promises of a party long since enured to political enormities, robberies and murders, but with the confidence and approbation of generous hearts—a coin without humbug, and far removed from depreciation or discount.

**From the Raymond Times.**

Mr. Calhoun—however great his talents—has, by his late course in behalf of the Sub-Treasury system, convinced us that he is troubled with an insuperable proneness to become eccentric, erratic and original in his conduct. Sameness, identity, magnetic devotion to a specific line of conduct and opinions, have no charms for him. He cannot—he ought not—he must not—be the next president. Can he who whilome was nauseated to death by the stercoraceous effluvia of living Van Burenism—to the windward of which he prayed God always to keep him—but who—now that it is a stinking carcass, and "smells to Heaven"—can relish association and contact with it—aye, can be the candidate of any party for the Presidency. For one, we prose to leave him to the tender mercies of the illustrious party so long vilified, but now perhaps applauded by him. The cherubim of the whig party will, ere long, guard our Republican Eden from profane approaches with a two edged sword, not the less bright, and not the less effective that Mr. Calhoun has no hand in elaborating it.

**FROM CYNADA.**

The affair at St. Dennis, between the Patriots and British regulars, is confirmed as to the loss of the latter. The number of killed and wounded in the ranks of the insurgents is unknown—one report (probably exaggerated) makes out ninety.

The New York papers of Saturday, contain a column or two of reports and details received through letters and papers from Vermont, which would seem to leave no doubt of the success of the Patriots at St. Charles, and a second complete route of Government forces. These reports are fully accredited by the morning papers, but the Commercial Advertiser of the same evening treats them as preposterous. The battle is said to have taken place on Sunday morning (27th ult.) and yet Montreal papers of Tuesday, make no mention of the fact. Montreal is situated 35 miles distant from St. Charles, and being guarded by a strong regular and volunteer force would be the most probable place to which the defeated Government forces would fly.

On the other hand it is suggested that since the suppression of the two radical papers in Montreal—the *Vindicator* and *American*, no intelligence favorable to the cause of "the rebels" is detailed with any degree of fairness by the papers in

the interest of the mother Government. A few days will determine the truth or exaggeration of the Vermont accounts. [Nashville Rep. Ban.]

**THE BANNER.  
MONTICELLO, MISSISSIPPI.  
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1837**

**THE MONTICELLO ACADEMY.**—The first session of this institution will commence on Monday next, (the 1st of January,) and it is hoped there will be a full attendance on that day. From the high reputation of the teachers, parents need not fear that their children will not receive that care and attention, to which their situations entitle them.

Our town has presented quite a scene of festivity and social enjoyment, during the past week. On Saturday evening we had a spirited Theatrical performance, by the Thespian Society of this place. On Monday, our friend, Judge KERRAN, prepared a sumptuous dinner, at which forty or fifty persons sat down and partook of the good things that were so abundantly and elegantly served up. On Monday evening there was a splendid Ball given at the EAGLE HOTEL, which was numerous and fashionably attended, by both citizens and strangers. The Ladies appeared more than usually beautiful and interesting; and the young gentlemen, with that gallantry, (for which the young men of Monticello are so characteristic,) exerted themselves to render the scene, one of real comfort and enjoyment. "The waltz dance went round," until about two o'clock on Tuesday morning, when the company separated,—all in fine spirits, and well pleased,—without the occurrence of any circumstance to mar the pleasure of the occasion. On Tuesday evening a number of Ladies and gentlemen of our town and vicinity, assembled at "OLD LIBERTY HALL," where, to the lively and stirring tones of WASH'S music, the company continued to enjoy themselves, until about mid night, when they separated; each wishing that the other might long live to see and enjoy similar pleasures on similar occasions.

**THESPIAN.**

The performance of "GEORGE BARNWELL," on Saturday evening last, by our Thespian corps, was attended by a large and highly intelligent audience, notwithstanding the extreme inclemency of the weather; and, we believe, gave more than usual satisfaction. It was, all in all, quite a spirited and interesting performance, and highly creditable to the young gentlemen who sustained the principal characters. In fact, the characters all, were well kept up. Barnwell, Millwood and Trueman, were sustained throughout, with much vigor and interest; and so affecting and powerful, were the impressions produced, that many of the bright eyes of beauty, were dimmed with tears of sympathy, for the unhappy fate of Barnwell.

A strange, who was present on the occasion, asked whether it was not a regular Stock company. On being answered that it was not; but that it consisted of a portion of the young men of our town, and that it was commenced as a means of amusement to themselves and the community; he expressed his surprise; "for," said he, "I have often seen regular companies make much worse efforts." That is a compliment, which the members are rather too modest to admit that they deserve; yet it will go far towards increasing their efforts, to render their performances more interesting and amusing for the future.

We are indebted to the politeness of the Hon. Robert J. Walker, for a copy of the President's message. Also for two copies of the "Prospectus of the Congressional Globe and appendix"!!!

The following letter, detailing a singular incident in the Georgia Legislature, we find in a late number of the *Macon (Georgia) Telegraph*:

"MILLEDGEVILLE, Nov. 16, 1837.

"A novel and interesting incident occurred in the House of Representatives this morning. One of the Bibb members presented a memorial from Robert Beasley, stating that some few years ago, he purchased of a slave-trader a negro woman and her suckling child—not doubting but that the woman was its mother.—Subsequent developments, however, had convinced him that an imposition had

been practiced upon him in the sale of the child; that instead of being born a slave, it was the offspring of a white woman from whom it had been stolen, or who had abandoned it! The object of the memorial was, to move the Legislature to change the name of the founding from that of William (as known in the bill of sale of the slave trader,) to that of William Brockett Beasley—and to restore to him the natural rights of which he had been unjustly deprived.

"A thrill of admiration passed through the house. Mr. Beasley was in the Lobby and held up the child in his arms—a fairer, prettier, more intelligent looking boy, need never be desired. Many an old Bachelor's mouth watered! The House went into Committee of the whole, had the child in their midst, and every one we believe was satisfied of his white ness, and his title to freedom."

**Correspondence of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.**  
LETTER FROM PETE WHEATSTONE.  
DANIEL'S FURN ON LITTLE ROCK RIVER (Ark.)  
Oct. 31 1837

My Dear Mr. Editor—Well, I have had a great chase with an old fellow—fought him from the dry fork to the Brushy Lake—the way Jim Cade's dogs made the fur fly off him was about right. He was good meat, and his ribs were right stick I tell you.

Lawyer McCampbell liked to have had a fight with a big fellow that moved in from South Carolina. It commenced about John C. Calhoun and the banks—Lawyer McCampbell said he was fearful Mr. Calhoun was going to join the toby party. No sooner did he say it, than South Carolina was led right up to him, and looked him in the face—the Lawyer went on to say, that he was afraid Mr. Calhoun was growing jealous of Henry Clay, and that he wanted to run for the Presidency himself. Right at that I saw South Carolina double his fist. McCampbell kept on—says he, Calhoun has shaken hands with Benton; this was more than South Carolina could stand, and he blazed right away at the Lawyer, but I feuded off the lick; and stopped right between them—Come gentlemen, says I, don't fight. The blood of South Carolina was up, and it was no small matter to calm him. Says he, Pete, I intend to hear Calhoun accused of joining the tobies, but I stood it—and then to say he was jealous of any man; but I stood it and said nothing—but when he said John C. Calhoun shook hands with Tom Benton, I could not stand that! Come, friends says I, make up. "Well," says the Lawyer, "I don't mean to hurt any body's feelings." At that South Carolina gave him his hand, and the thing was made up on the spot.

Lawyer McCampbell went home with me that night—After supper we had a long chat. He gave me some good advice when I go to the Legislature. Says he, "Pete, the United States is in a bad old way—I have been reading Mr. Secretary Woodbury's report, and it is a mystified document. I can't make head nor tail of it—I think, Pete, he is troubled with a kind of a brain as old Cuff said to Spure J. H. He is no more fit to be Secretary of the Treasury than a tumblebug is a lady's pet. "Wheatstone," says he, with great emphasis, "nothing can save us but Old Tippecanoe—the people believe in him, and I don't think they will give him up. Then we must have a back of the United States—one which is more good everywhere. Now, Mr. Wheatstone," says he, "what sort of money have you to carry to the Rock?" "Rail Road," says I—"one ten, two fives—one of them a little ragged—and two dollars and five bits in shin plasters." Says he, "they will slave you, Pete." Says I, "I carry my own razor." Says he, "you don't understand me—I mean they will discount your paper." "Do what," says I. "Why," says he, "they will take twenty cents out of every dollar you have got." "Well if they do," says I, "some of them'll get shaved with a bone razor." "Keep cool," says he. "I will," says I. Well, the Lawyer went to bed, and next morning started early.

I shall have some more talk with him before I go to the Rock. We will have right smart fuss about our own bank—the President of the mother bank is ordered to the Florida war—at least that is the news here—and you must know he is a captain in the army, and bound to obey instructions, even if he won't a democrat. So I expect we will have to get somebody else in his place.

Old McCampbell has been on a trip to Izard, Lawrence, and Randolph—he says his heart bleeds to think of the ignorance he found—nigh on one half of them think Gen. Jackson is still President.

Ever yours,  
PETE WHEATSTONE.

There may occasionally be found a grain of gold amid the cold grey earth of the Richmond Enquirer. The editor, though he aspires to be, and is, the administration leader, sometimes ventures upon home truths most unpalatable and even distressing to his party. There is no doubt but he has taken warning from late events, and is determined to turn off with the Conservatives. Hear how he preaches treason:

"The Secretary of the Treasury directed, the commencement of the late session of Congress, that both branches of the National Legislature should be paid in gold and silver, and the coin has been

transported from various parts of the Union for this purpose. "What has been the effect upon the circulating medium in Washington, for paying in specie—this portion of the Government officers?—Has it tended, in any degree, to restore a specie circulation even in the small city of Washington?—You may go into the market there—go into the stores—go into the taverns—go anywhere where business is going on, and you will not see a silver dollar. Shinsplasters of all sorts and sizes, are the only circulating medium. And why? The answer is obvious to every man of common sense; because specie is at a premium, and of course it is hoarded by every body, and made a subject of traffic and speculation. It is made the better currency by the Government itself, in making it alone receivable in payment of the public dues, and of course it will disappear from the general circulation and the inferior will take its place."

**From the New Orleans Bulletin.**

It would be presumptuous in any man of ordinary abilities to enter the arena and measure swords with a competition of such transcendent genius as John C. Calhoun. The elevation of his intellect, places him far above the reach of mediocrity in the way of rivalry, but this quality does not place him beyond the ken of the eye of criticism and observation. We have a right to scan his movements though they be made in an element above us, and pronounce upon them the decision of an impartial and enlightened judgment. "Tis true we cannot mount the forum, and compete with his convincing and persuasive eloquence, we may have no well turned periods to give grace and cadence to our sentences, no flow of words, distilling like dew from heaven, bright but transient pearls, no fine spun fascinating sophistry, bewitching the thoughts in the mazes of error, and investigating the discussion with the cloudy drapery of metaphysical mist.—We may not possess the dexterity of investing the most glaring fallacies in the sober habiliments of truth, by making the worse appear the better reason, nor be able by the perversion of our puny intellect to warp the line of truth, and give it the direction of error. We may not claim any of the astonishing and superhuman endowments of his genius, yet, nevertheless, our right to criticize the creations of his mind, the actions of his life, and pronounce a judgement on the tendencies of his political career is neither abridged or precluded. In the exercise of this right, we have ventured in a previous article, to pass a sentence of censure upon his political tergiversations, witnessed during the past extra session. The severity of its tone was owing to the heinousness of his delinquencies. We lament whilst we record them. Though rebukes so unmeasured and unsparring may grate harshly on the feelings of his admirers, yet let them be reminded, that we too have been his admirers, and therefore bore with less fortitude the degradation of his fall. Our animadversions were made more in sorrow than in anger. We could not forget the time when he stood the master spirit among the master spirits of the age, tall, majestic and commanding amid the throng of great men who stood foremost in the nation. We wonder if his sudden descent from his lofty eminence to a level with such grovelling politicians as Benton and his satellites should rouse the indignation of all to whom his success and fame was dear.

**GENEROUS SYMPATHY.**—A steamboat arrived at Wheeling on Monday evening last, having on board a number of respectable looking passengers. When the boat touched the wharf, as is usual at this enterprising little city, a busy personage jumped on board with "Gentlemen, a seat for Baltimore to-day—fine coaches, fast horses, sober drivers—and I have slips from N. York election news! Shall I have the pleasure of giving you one, sir," said the busy person to rather a decent looking, stout stranger, who had begun to look rather interested in the subject. "Let me give you a slip—glorious news, sir, glorious." "Thank you, sir," said the stout man and he stopped, eager to peruse his slip, but his visage lengthened, and at length he dropped the harmless paper as though it burnt his fingers.

"Boy, take that trunk ashore!" shouted the stout man, in a voice of thunder, and dropping his head, he stepped out of the cabin and hurried off in perfect silence.

"Whew!" said the busy man, "Captain, who is that man going ashore there 's literary and alone,' with a face as black as a thunder cloud." "That, why that—that's Thomas H. Benton.—Pittsburg Ado.